To those who are perplexed ,

,In a clamor of creed, I was unshaped

.A soul unbranded, suspended in the chorus of conviction

,The Bible whispered, the Quran hummed

.Bhagavad Gita resonated, the silence of the Buddha remained

,Sikh hymns fluttered by my nascent understanding

,Atheists reasoned with quiet rebellion

— And I — neither moored nor lost

.Experienced only the latitude of unclaimed thought

,No dogma bound the rhythm of my breath

.No deity limited the horizon of my sight

,I learned the plurality

Unjudging, untethered, ineffably free

,I observed the range of faith with unblinking eyes

.Each ritual, every sermon, each quiet reflection

,Faith danced to measured cadence

.Doubt clustered like a shadow on the edge

,Some kneeled to scripture, some bowed to reason

,Hypocrisy concealed beneath serious smiles

.Virtue flowered sporadically, like wild flora

,I itemized the contradictions

.Savoring the interchange of fervor and doubt

.Nothing called for allegiance; all asked questions

— And I — a witness of conviction

.Felt the burden of existence, unclaimed, unfettered

,I tried to hold all creeds in my bosom

.Each doctrine, every faith, a gossamer thread of hope

,The Bible, the Quran, the Gita — all loudly demanded sway

.But none in isolation could moor my shaking mind

,Atheistic reason murmured, skeptical and obstinate

.As fervor’s devotion burned the fringes of unbelief

,I tried omnipotence in multiplicity

.Trying to unite contradictions without rupture

,The heart longed, the mind rebelled

,And I shouldered the burden of omnifarious belief

,An atlas of belief on unsalted shoulders

.Forever suspended between certainty and emptiness

,And the weight of worlds bearing down upon my weakened spine

.Devoirs, doubts, dogma — an unceasing flood

,Eyes weary from reading the star-scapes of belief

.Heart weighed down by the cacophony of countless truths

,I fell into the still recesses of loneliness

.Where reasoning stammered and yearning whined

,Hope trembled, thin as a candle in the tempest

.And fear of desolation hung at the borders of thought

,Faith, multiplicious but empty, gave no quarter

,The mind tired, the spirit tamed

,But still I stayed

.Balanced between questioning and forgetting

,I withdrew into the silent rooms of self

.Time unfolding like molten silver around my reflection

,Questions that had been raucous spoke now in measured words

.Remnants of creeds dissolved into far-off murmurs

,I mapped the buildings of my own confusion

.Laying out the lines of doubt and flickering hope

,No outside voice spoke with authority

.Only the quaking beat of my own mind

,I balanced every conviction on the silence inside

.Toward meaning unfiltered by ritual or creed

,In this conscious isolation

.I learned to perceive the quiet grammar of my soul

,I delved into the maze of purpose and intent

.Asking whether folly or providence designed my course

,Was this striving absurdity

?Or calculated design beyond human understanding

,Each deed, each thought, pressed upon the balance of eternity

.But the ledger was nowhere to be found, unreadable

,I stood at the edge of certainty and emptiness

.Felt a pulse that could have been divine, or just faked

,The heart nodded in agreement, the mind doubted

,Held midway between credulity and doubt

,I looked for signs in darkness and quiet

.Waiting for revelation that never came in shape

,I went to the guardians of holy knowledge

.Priests, sages, guides — their eyes shrouded in grave conviction

,Where is God?” I inquired, voice a wispy quaver“

”?Can I see what forges the cosmos unseen“

,They gave me parables, echoes, and ritualed silence

.But none provided the clarity I sought

,Doubt pushed against the borders of reverence

.Faith and reason twisted in ceaseless struggle

,I lingered in their sanctuaries

,A seeker uncharted, not claimed by doctrine

,Weighing absence as carefully as presence

.Perched between revelation and empty space

,A quiet current welled up inside, unseen but incontrovertible

.A vibration that spoke beyond the rationality of creed

,Once seen, it could not be forgotten

.A soft illumination running through thought and flesh

,No scripture gave it a name, no ritual enclosed it

.Yet it throbbed to the beat of life itself

,I sensed its rhythm in each breath, every hesitation

.A shining substrata below the disturbance of belief

,The mind queried, the heart conceded

,Edges dissolved between self and universe

,And in that quivering consciousness

.I saw a truth unsaid, ineffably there

,I wondered at the source of this quiet radiance

?Was it God, or something beyond understanding

,Did every human throb with shards of divinity

?Or did some impenetrable power escape all naming

,The air thrummed with possibilities

.Invisible but deeply palpable

,Each meeting, each look, suggested its presence

.Yet reason flinched at a naming of what could not be grasped

,I teetered between wonder and doubt

,Witnessing, yet unsure

,Bound to a force unseizable

.And marveling at its opaque entirety

,I saw that the force didn’t have to be named

.Its substance less important than its impact on the soul

,Energy, indescribable, formed solace and stillness

.A silent geometry under chaos and uncertainty

,It led, it raised, it stilled agitated minds

.Neither tied to dogma nor limited by creed

,Peace didn’t come from names or holy books

.But from the gentle flow that breathed through life

I saw its power ripple out through the human world

,And saw that certainty was not in knowing

,But in seeing its gentle orchestration

.A balm unclaimed, yet powerfully in action

,I saw that peace, delicate but resilient

.Lived in the movements of unseen kindness

,It flourished when envy melted into comprehension

.When hands reached out without claim or expectation

,The power flowed through acknowledgment of goodness

.Not scripture, nor creed, nor empty incantation

,Even the most basic act, gentle and intentional

.Emitted an unseen cadence of comfort

,I listed these gentle miracles

,Instances in which the human spirit attuned itself

,And recognized the force still existed

.Through goodness, untruncated and unsanctioned

,There was peace where purpose was pure

.Where jealousy disintegrated and hearts responded in earnest

,No calling, no god necessitated its presence

.Only intentional goodness, spreading unobtrusively

,Faith in others became the foundation of peace

.Sympathy, the tender of a silent world

,Every kind act, though ephemeral, vibrated

.Resonating between minds attuned to virtue

,The force, which had long eluded definition, took concrete shape

.In lives that entwined through mutual respect

:I realized then the alchemy of human kind

.Goodness alone was enough to create inner peace

,I saw the pivot of peace was not in deity

.Nor in the calling of any divine name

,The power was there, independent

.A subcurrent amidst acts of unforced kindness

,Humanity itself became a temple

.Ethics, its ritual; kindness, its creed

,Belief in others, rather than the unseen

.Wove a tapestry of silent balance

,I moved among them, sensing the subtle orchestration

.Where goodness was enough without divine sanction

,No god required acknowledgment

.Yet peace bloomed, real and unbound

,I found stillness in my own quiet heart

.Not born of doctrine, nor controlled by creed

,Kindness was my guide, free of envy

.Each action a quiet anchor in the sea of existence

,I moved lightly among the tides of others

.Seeing virtue ripple out in unspoken deeds

Peace came in thoughtful consideration and gentle action

.A harmony unclaimed, yet profoundly operative

,No mandate, no ritual, no celestial observer required

.Peace bloomed as naturally as breath itself

,I, too, became a vessel of this subtle energy

.Balanced, unobstructed, quietly luminous

,I dwelled in the quiet radiance of my own peace

.No envy, no dogma, only deliberate goodness

,The world moved, unknowing yet harmonized

.Each soul tracing its unseen, luminous cadence

,I neither commanded belief nor denied it

.Observing faith and doubt intertwine effortlessly

,The energy lasted, quiet, unchanging

.But my heart, free, still questioned

,If peace comes through goodness only

,And divinity is not claimed

,Unseen, but feelingly existing

?Then… where, indeed, is God